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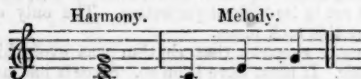
NOTICE.

THE publishers of the *Musical World* having been informed that some of the former subscribers to this journal experience some difficulty in obtaining it regularly, they beg to again remind their readers that Mr. REEP, of John-street, Oxford-street, has undertaken the delivery of copies to subscribers in London; and all applications on the subject must therefore be addressed to him.

A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

THE annals of the race testify that music was already known and practised before the flood; on the other hand, the annals of music itself show that it dates only from yesterday, and scarcely counts four centuries of existence. This high antiquity, and this extraordinary youth, are easily reconciled, if we make a distinction which the historians appear to have too much neglected; a distinction which explains many obscure and even inexplicable things in the texts of these historians. There is a music in the state of nature, and a music in the state of art: the one, as old as the world, is as natural to man as speech; the other, men sought long before they found it. What was called the History of Music by the people of antiquity or of the middle ages, is nothing but a more or less conjectural assertion; indeed, we may assume the utter fruitlessness of all attempts to find such actual history before the revival of music under the auspices and the protection of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe.

Music in the state of nature, and music in the state of art, differ not at all from one another in their elementary principle: both spring from the feeling of a natural law, which is the harmonic, trichord, or perfect chord, and which presents itself in the double form of a succession and of a simultaneous combination of tones: that is to say, of melody and of harmony. The intervals* heard at the same time are harmony; but hear them one after the other, and you have melody.



Thus we see, that the melody originally is nothing but a chord resolved into its elements; and that the chord is a snatch of melody blended into one compound sound. Melody represents the form; harmony the substance. Every melody, that did not spring out of an accord, and that could not be joined to some sort

of a bass, would utterly conflict with the claims of hearing; it would have no kindred harmony with any emotion of the soul; it would correspond to no feeling, to no thought musically expressible, and therefore would be no melody. Accordingly, the most refined aria, as well as the most barbaric national songs, have their origin in the chord. At all events I have found no exception to this either in the examples of Chinese and Canadian music found in J. J. Rousseau's Dictionary, or in the Turkish and Persian songs, which I have heard sung by natives. On the contrary, the songs and dances of the Canadian savages would conform to the principles of the simplest and most natural relations of harmony, were they reduced to strict notation. A child would find the bass to them.

We will not speak here of the systems of Rameau and of Nardini. The physico-mathematical question concerns us not. The main thing is to know, that the union of the three tones which compose the perfect major chord has its type in nature, and that the law, gradually guessed or discovered by the instinct of the composers, acquired the unimpeachable validity of law, some centuries later, by the discovery of the phenomenon called the generation of the harmonics. But even if this phenomenon were yet to be discovered, this musical truth, however doubtful it might appear in the eyes of the learned, would still remain a settled thing for the musicians; for the proofs in art have nothing in common with those of science. Our proof rests upon the fact that all in music springs out of the accord, since all may be reduced back to this, from the song of the savage to the *Zauberflöte* overture inclusive.

In thus tracing the musical instinct of humanity to the consciousness of a secret law of nature, I have not forgotten that nature only yields the major harmony, and that it is the minor that predominates in the aboriginal melodies. But we should not forget also that in our human state of imperfection the physical laws of the creation cannot always be conformed with absolute precision to the material necessities of the race. And so the law of harmony either never was, or has at some time ceased to be, in perfect unison with all the feelings of the soul. It had to be divided to render it complete. Beside the major trichord, there stood another, apparently the same in form and intervals, but the third was tuned down half a tone, and by this fruitful modification, the archetype whereof lay in another nature than that of the human heart, music could be brought into unison with all the conditions of existence in this vale of tears. By this means it was one day to find expression for all the passion, all the suffering by which we feel that we exist; even as it was destined to become the comforter in making itself the most faithful echo of the soul.

I have told what the music of nature and that of art possess in common. We must now also investigate the distinctive properties which each has by itself and must have always. The natural musician has only a vague feeling of the law of harmony which suffices him for the delivery of his song in the form of a broken chord, but which gives him no knowledge of the chord itself. He can keep in the key, and use it according to the combinations of the correct scale, without ever knowing this entirely. The distinctive notes, the sevenths, are almost always wanting to him. In the very small number of modulations, in which his ear helps him out, he limits himself to the tones that lie nearest in respect to the ease with which they may be sounded. Thus, for example, the Russian songs (some of which

* We retain the term *intervals* in this and similar cases, because we find it in the original, although it is not a strict use of language which confounds the distances between tones with the tones themselves.—*Note of the Translator.*

may properly be reckoned among primitive music, as well on account of their remarkable simplicity as on account of their plainly very ancient text) proceed very frequently from the major into the relative minor key (from C to A) or from the minor into the minor chord of the fifth (from A to E), and the reverse. When the melody moves in that way, between three or four full chords, without the mediation of the seventh, it must necessarily sound undetermined, meagre, and monotonous, pleasing as its expression may seem, especially to natives.

In music in the state of nature, vocal and instrumental execution, in proportion to the mechanical progress it has made, and the greater or less difficulties to be overcome in learning it, may in and for itself constitute an art. But this art has not anything in common with the art of composition, with which alone we are now concerned, and what has no actual existence, if it be not founded on a positive knowledge and a cultivated feeling of harmony.

The first step towards composition was made the moment when musicians began to fit together intervals in the harmonic form. But from that point to the beginnings of the true art, there was still, as we shall see, a long distance. The chord remained the starting point of musical science, its guide through all the dreary labyrinth of theory, the sure measure of its progress, and the goal of its technical development. The principle once found, there only needed to deduce from it the gradual results and applications; to subject the ear's suggestions to an ever more extended commentary; to compose new chords according to the given relations of the trichord, and to fix the diatonic scale. Every such discovery enriched harmony, as it then was; and since among the principal or natural chords there is not one, which, when developed, was not transformed into a member of a melodic phrase, these very discoveries prepared for the future just so many new forms and expressions; whence it follows, that perfected melody, or melody in the state of art, was and could have been only the result of the perfected knowledge of accords. The whole history of music is but the verification of this truth.

Another truth, which holds as well in theory as in practice, is, that every other way to music as an art fails to conduct us to the goal, and that every system of music, which rests upon another basis than the chord, is not the art. Nay, such a system would necessarily give results, that have no place amid the phenomena of natural music, which even in its rudest inspirations is led by an instinct of the law of harmony, and of which true art is only the fulfilment, by no means the denial. Musical antiquity, represented by the Greeks, went astray upon these false systematic paths; so also did the middle age.

A remarkable phenomenon of the last century was the earnest controversy that was waged about the ancient and the modern music, that is to say, about the known and the unknown. Two things are here to be remarked. In the first place, the two men most familiar with this, Burney and Forkel, who had sacrificed or rather wasted many years of their lives in writing a history of the Greek music, confess that they did not precisely know what the Greek music was. In the second place (and this is the most note-worthy), the advocates of the ancient and the advocates of the modern, even in the hottest part of the battle, both agreed, that the Greeks had no knowledge of harmony, so obvious was this fact to every one. This alone should decide the question—If the Greeks did not know harmony, what did they know of music? If they did not know harmony, then they had no melody, or at least they could have had no more of it than musicians in the state of nature. But they did have a peculiar system, that was much more learned and more complicated than our own. So much the worse for them; for then they must have remained beneath the state of nature, which I hold to be quite probable, and which indeed was certainly the fact, if we are to rely upon the faithfulness of the translation into notes, which the historians have given us, of some fragments of Greek music that have come down to our time. I cannot guarantee the accuracy of the deciphering; but can anybody comprehend how the most enthusiastic admirer of this music, J. J. Rousseau, could have placed the musical text of a hymn to Nemesis, and

an Ode of Pindar, deciphered in this way, by the side of a Canadian song, as if on purpose to convince the ears of all the world of the immense superiority of the Iroquois composer to those of Athens or of Corinth? We can more easily comprehend the error of the learned philologists and archeologists, who were no musicians like J. J. Rousseau. These had to declare themselves for the Greek music, first and chiefly, because it was Greek; secondly, because they had never heard it; thirdly and finally, because, as Voltaire maintains, it is the special prerogative of the deaf to judge about music, and here the ignorance outweighs the deafness. But let us be fair. How could the Hellenists, for whom genuine music perhaps were the most disagreeable, possibly resist the temptation of a rich Greek nomenclature, and of the weighty lexicography and enormous theoretic complication, which took the place of musical art with the most civilized people of antiquity? A doctrine of signs or method of notation, which embraced more than 1500 signs; a division of scales or modes according to provinces, so that there were almost as many *essentially distinct* systems of music, as there were territorial designations in the Hellenic confederation; the division of scales into conjunct and disjunct tetrachords, into fixed and moveable intervals, on which depended the alternation between the three genera, the diatonic, chromatic and enharmonic; then the marking of every note of the great system (which to-day appears small enough) with a particular and euphonious name, as *Paranete hyperboleon*, *Trile synnemonon*, *Lychanos hypaton*, *Proslambenomenos*! How finely that sounds, and what a poor figure our modern C, our D and our G play by the side of that!

In all this a musician can find nothing but arbitrary, artificial laws in place of the laws of nature. What sort of music can that be called, which changes its scale with every change of place; which progresses by fourths (in the enharmonic genus); which has scarcely any other melody than the modulations of the voice in speaking set in notes, and no other rhythm than the long and short syllables of the poetic metre—a music which abhors all progress; which allows the addition of no more strings to the lyre, even when the player recognises the necessity of more; which believes the public morals interested in maintaining the impediments erected by its principles, which bear only the stamp of a dogmatic, that is to say, an utterly false science? It seems to me, however, that the ancients saw in music rather a national and political, than a natural institution, a universal language, whose fundamental principles are strictly grounded in itself, and which rejects every tradition outside of its own laws. Since the Greek music found itself neither in the state of nature nor in the state of art, it necessarily perished with the special conditions of its existence, which were created for it by the national prejudices and by the prosody of the national language.

But how are the wonderful effects of this music to be explained? Let us leave miracles, which one can only accept when faith compels him; let us pass by Thaletas of Crete, who by his lyre delivered the Lacedaemonians from the plague; also the flute as a remedy against the rheumatism; nor will we inquire whether the slaves, whom they allowed to hear Greek music, while they underwent the bastinado, felt the pain essentially mitigated by this philanthropic attention of their masters; on the contrary, let us admit that the old music could produce visible effects, which equalled and probably surpassed those of the musical art in its highest perfection. The only question is, in what way this took place.

Forkel justly remarks that rhythm was everything in the ancient music. It must have been so. Since it had no harmony, and consequently, too, no melody, in the special sense which we attach to this word, there remained only rhythm, this third element of music, to occupy the place of both the others. History proves the rest. It shows us clearly and distinctly on this point, that the Greek chapel-masters beat the time with iron-shod soles, while on the stage they gave it out with pebble-stones or oyster-shells in both hands, and the orchestra marked the divisions steadily with clappers and with cymbals. To that was the musical gratification of the Greeks limited. And could that content these passionate lovers of music? Yes, because it was

only a means of heightening their enjoyment; because the majesty of their euphonious speech supplied the place of melody and harmony; because their musical rhythm, constantly measured by long and short syllables, being blended with the poetic rhythm, lent more power and expression to the declamation, more accuracy and fire to the action of their players, and more clearness to the thought of the poet. More than this they did not ask of it. Such a rhythm was, precisely by its serviceableness and by its nullity, the customary and necessary heightener of the enjoyment, on which the Greeks most piqued themselves, who spoke the most beautiful language in the world, and exalted the poets to the rank of gods. Blending thus the impressions of poetry with those of music, they ascribed such extraordinary effects to the latter for the very reason that it in reality had no existence. They heard a sort of recitative, the *melopoeia*, which lent all possible relief to the declamation and the cadence of the verses; they were enchanted by this poetic harmony; they were physically moved by the noise of the instruments and the yet noisier beating of the time; and this commingling of sensations was called music, and this music possessed an infallible means of giving extraordinary pleasure, and of reaching the remotest listeners. The real music of the Greeks consisted of their language.

In our days we shall no longer find this complete solution of the elements of music in the elements of poetry, in which some writers saw the triumphs of both arts united, but which was nothing in reality but the entire absence of our art. Yet even at this day rhythm, which was the soul of the music of the ancients, is the chief enjoyment with a multitude of men. One, who understands nothing of melody and harmony, who is put to sleep by music, the quicker the better the music is, will wake up in an instant and be completely carried away by the rhythm of a dance or march. The only enjoyment of which a great many respectable people are capable, in a concert or an opera, consists in feeling and beating the time, a pleasure of which they frequently are robbed by more artistic music. For with refined harmony and melody the rhythm ceased to rule alone and continually; instead of working only on the nerves, the music would address the soul, the imagination, nay the spiritual nature, and that without the aid of words, which it has learned to dispense with, as words could very well dispense with it. Music in a manner disembodied itself and thereby lost, as was quite natural, its real influence on the masses and its visible power over the individuals best fitted to understand it. Its real influence, I say, because the noblest and sublimest styles in musical art are much more difficult to understand, than the effects, which only bring on an excitement of the nerves; its real influence, even upon those who understood it, because impressions, which excite the senses strongly, always manifest themselves outwardly with more energy than the inward and composite emotion, wherein sensual gratification, the joys of the heart, and the pure pleasures of the mind take part at once. Among ten thousand sincere worshippers of Strauss, you will scarcely find one sincere worshipper of Bach; and we need no assurance that the famous waltz-king of Vienna electrifies his public in quite another way from what the venerable Leipzig organist ever could do, even though he played before the Conservatory assembled *in pleno*. Nay, even if we descend a great deal lower, to the wandering troupes of strolling minstrels and gipsies, we shall see these reaping many a time enthusiastic plaudits, such as almost never fall to the lot of an oratorio of Haydn, an opera of Mozart, or a symphony of Beethoven; and consequently, I believe I do not hazard very much in saying, that the more frequently the music is improved and elevated, the more it loses in immediate and actual effect. There would be less contention in our musical world, would people only bear this truth continually in mind.

(To be continued.)

MEYERBEER is composing a new cradle-song (*Wiegenlied*) to be dedicated to the Empress of Austria on the occasion of a birth of a prince or princess.

GRIST AND MARIO.—The success of these accomplished singers at Boston has been immense.

REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. VI.

(Continued from page 81.)

WHAT is beautiful? A satisfactory definition of the term has never, as far as we know, been given; philosophers are still engaged in searching for it—that is philosophy! One says, it is the medicine of the soul; another, the art of living well; Plato and Newton, the study of death; De Ségur, the study of true happiness; Madame de Stael, generalized reason; and Richard Wagner, contempt for every one except one's self, a doctrine with which Brendel completely coincides. Consequently, according to Brendel, that only is beautiful which Richard Wagner has created. We do not, however, always agree with Brendel, nor with those who proclaim, generally, there is neither ugliness nor beauty in nature; nor with those who require Providence to create another world with other examples of beauty, in order to satisfy their extravagant phantasies, like certain used-up youths and neglected old maids; nor will we ridicule philosophy, because that would be to philosophize ourselves; but we will allow that to be beautiful in music, which has not only held its ground as such for centuries, but been acknowledged to be so by the cleverest men; we will esteem vocal and instrumental music according to this standard, and take not the slightest notice of Brendel and his satellites, although fully aware of the danger attendant upon our position; for critics, like party-men, are the most merciless of all tyrants; a person must think as they do, or—die the death, in order that the authors of dramas of the future may be disturbed in nothing! Since, however, we are still alive, we will say as speedily as possible what we require from the Drama of the Future: this is nothing more or less than perfection in every part, and since the Drama of the Future lying before us begins with recitative, let us also begin with it, and require, besides correct declamation, that enthusiastic tone, that fervent heartfelt music, which Händel, Gluck, and Mozart were capable of introducing in it.

With regard to the declamation, Wagner has taken great pains, and we find only few instances like that of Friedrich, "Auf meiner Seite bleibt das Recht" (Right remains on my side), where an unaccented syllable, the last of the word "meiner," is rendered by a tone a sixth higher than the first (it is true that such instances are more frequent in the *arioso* passages, as in "Ruhme," g, d, c, upwards, which is disagreeable); but we altogether miss anything like the deep-felt music of the heart. We do not find in Wagner's operas the slightest approach to the recitatives which Händel gave us in his operas, or oratorios, as the latter are better known, as: in *Sam*, the recitative of Jonathan—"Ah! dearest friend"—or that of Aschah—"Matrons and virgins"—or the recitatives of Gluck in *Iphigenia*, or the immortal models furnished by Mozart in the two recitatives of Donna Anna. It is true that narratives such as—"Beschränkte Burgen liess ich bauen, den Heerbann übte ich im Widerstand" (I built protected castles, and exercised the ban and arrière-ban in defence) admit of about as much musical expression as the direction on a letter, or "I am rather tired, and would feel obliged by your giving me a chair." Things of this description ought never to be put into verse. Everything that is sung should rise above the level of everyday life.

With regard to the vocal music, properly so called, we require from the composer a knowledge of the voices for which he is writing, as well as of their effects, and also a manner of handling the orchestra like that taught us by Mozart and Beethoven. The instruments must move forward independently and beautifully, strengthening the expression of feeling, and not furnish merely a sort of guitar accompaniment, as with the Italians, or simply vary the voice parts, as they often do in Wagner's works, although, in his book *Opera and Drama*, he very warmly deprecates such a thing.

Wagner wishes to do something! but this wish is thwarted partly by a certain straining after effect, and partly by a want of technical skill. He wishes to write choruses like Händel, but he is first at fault in one place, where, in five-voiced choruses, he lets the soprano sing two or three notes with the alto,—and then

in another—where the tenor sings four tones with the alto, as in the chorus "Sei gegrüßt!" (We salute you.) It is true that his blind admirers will exclaim, "He did that purposely." A man can certainly do what he likes, and we no longer meet with such fools as old Fasch, the founder of the Berlin Singacademie, who threw into the fire a grand mass for sixteen voices, which he had completed up to the "Sanctus," because he could not find for that piece a beautiful and independent sixteenth voice part. The Wagnerists would have said to him, with a smile, "Give the sixteenth voice part a few notes with the bass, then a few notes with the tenor, then a few notes with the alto, etc., and the thing is done." It is quite a different affair when the composer allows an entire melodious phrase to be sung by two voices in unison, as in the chorus in *Lohengrin*, "Wie fasst uns selig süßes Grauen!" (How deliciously sweet horror seizes us) which there produces a good effect; but the same plan is frequently pursued with the most remarkable results by Händel, as in his oratorio of *Israel in Egypt* for instance. Though we do not praise Wagner's choruses unconditionally, there are very few other operas where the choruses can boast of being so carefully worked out; but we remain true to our principle, that in the "Drama of the Future" even this branch should satisfy the most exacting conditions. Some people entertain an opinion that oratorio choruses produce such a grand effect merely because they are fugued, and that this style of writing is not at all suitable for operas. This is an error, for most of the choruses in Händel's oratorios, many in Bach's, and most in Mendelssohn's, do not contain a single instance of a fugue; it is only the management of the voice parts, the expression in every little musical phrase, and the admirable arrangement of the various tones, which render the choruses so interesting both for singers and auditors. The same is true of the orchestra in Beethoven's works. Where do we find any trace of fugue or double counterpoint there? It is only the participation of each instrument—not by lending merely additional force, but by a peculiar expression, a certain independence—which holds the ear of the spectator in a state of continuous attention.

The arioso passages in Wagner's opera are mostly short and somewhat abrupt, although the good ones are repeated quite often enough. Lohengrin's entrance; "Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwan" (thanks, my dear swan) is charming. It is fine and replete with feeling, and it was thus that Lohengrin must have thanked the swan who drew him in a boat from Spain to the Scheldt. This scene, and that of Else, which precedes it, are the best of the first act, and of these we may also add the prayer: "Herr und Gott, nun ruf' ich dich!" (the ordinary slow middle movement to be found in most finales since the time of Rossini) and the concluding movement, which smacks somewhat strongly of Carl Maria von Weber. In the prayer, the same thing which happened to Fasch, with his sixteenth voice part, happens to poor Wagner: he wants the soprano and alto to take a part, but cannot very well manage it. Five solo voices are already variously employed, and the male chorus is singing the fundamental melody to them, when it so happens that our worthy Wagner, in direct opposition to the principles he advocates, allows his female voices to sing: "Mein Herr und Gott" (My Lord and God), then wait for six bars, and then continued "Segne ihn" (Bless him). It must be confessed that they keep us waiting rather a long time for the blessing. But the rhythmical pauses are so well filled up by the female chorus—and then Wagner is something of an egotist—and we know that when reason is opposed to the interest of an egotist he never fails to be opposed to reason; and so not to look at the thing so strictly, we will say: "it has a very good effect" in a musical sense, that is, not speaking with reference to the "Drama of the Future," and then console ourselves with the idea that all human heads are, to a certain extent, but so many instruments, possessing a greater or less number, as the case may be, of strings which are either false or out of tune.

Wagner's vocal music is simple. It contains but few ornaments; there is merely a turn or an appoggiatura now and then, although many a hint where the fair singer may introduce a shake with good effect. Upon the strength of this, many singers indulge in the most extraordinary freaks. I read, a short time

since, that, in recent times, instrumentalists had learnt to overcome difficulties which were most astounding, and that the human voice, in its eagerness to equal the instruments, had quite deserted its own proper sphere. This is an ignorant error!

A hundred years ago the art of singing was more advanced than it is at present. More was done, only it was not noted down on paper. Every singer was obliged to have sufficient education to introduce colorature in the proper place. The skill of instrumentalists stood equally high. Only the greatest *virtuosi* of the present day dare to attempt Bach's compositions for the violin, pianoforte, and organ. We have some slight acquaintance with the violin, and we know of no sonnets for it more difficult than those of Beethoven. As far as our own experience goes, Allard in Paris is the only person who plays them in a superior manner. The pianoforte compositions offer quite as much difficulty, and only Liszt can altogether overcome them. In the vocal art, the singers of the present day are most certainly incapable of doing what singers did a hundred years ago. But the youth of the present day has a good opinion of itself, and Bonaparte says, "*Le sot a un grand avantage sur l'homme instruit; il est toujours content de lui-même.*"

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE has been no striking musical event in Paris this week, unless it be the *reprise* of *Le Toréador*, at the Opéra-Comique, for Madame Ugalde. This distinguished singer has not yet appeared in any new part, for, having signed an engagement to sing at Marseilles during the month of April, the director of the opera at that city places so high a value on her services, that he refuses all terms which have been offered for her release. She will not, therefore, undertake a new "creation," as the tide of anticipated success would be interrupted in a few weeks; all novelties in which she is engaged must consequently await her return in the merry month of May. This, however, is of the less consequence, as the *Pré aux Clercs* fills the theatre twice a week, and two other nights are devoted to *L'Etoile du Nord*, which shines with undiminished brilliancy, while the remaining evening is given to two or three of those pleasant little operettas, whereof the *répertoire* of the theatre happily possesses so many. *Le Toréador*, by M. Adam (of the Institute), is superior to what he has lately written, and is well suited to Madame Ugalde, both as regards music and *libretto*. The latter, indeed, humorous, original, and full of point, is one of the best for an *opera buffon* that has been written. In the first act, the Toréador (Bataille) arrives from an amorous excursion, where he has gathered more blows than *bonnes fortunes*; his wife (Madame Ugalde) mocks, laughs at, and consoles him, in an air, "Vive la bouteille," which she sings with a charming combination of malice, fun, and *espèglerie*. Then follows a duet of explanation and excuses, where husband and wife reciprocally fancy they are discovered [for the fair lady knows how to console herself during the absence of her lord], and where each falls on bended knee to ask forgiveness of the other. Madame Ugalde surpassed herself in this scene. She enriched the music, without overloading it, with cadences, flourishes, and trills, in the most charming taste, and of the most perfect execution. M. Adam's bare tune was never (except by Marie Cabel) decked out in such gay colours. Without comparing him to Venus, it may be said that the composer of *Le Postillon* enjoys the constant privilege of being "adorned by the Graces." M. Bataille, who can descend as low in the scale (of music, I mean) as most men, was followed in each successive descent by his loving spouse, and no note escaped her quick apprehension. However, Madame Ugalde's greatest success was in the air with variations, to which poor Madame Sontag gave a world-wide reputation; it was a favourite with her, and she sang it frequently both in the European and Transatlantic cities. Madame Ugalde gave a part of the air *sotto voce*, while the flute accompanied and sustained her, with such delicacy, precision, and good taste, that the whole audience with one voice insisted on an encore, and would take no refusal. M. Bataille was an excellent husband—

jealous of his wife, in whose perfect purity he is a firm believer, while he prides himself on his own successes, real or supposed, with the "better halves" of his friends. His appearance amply denoted the fatuous, contented, imperturbable husband, and would-be Lothario. No exaggeration disfigured his conception of the character, though he neglected no opportunity of bringing out all the farce and jollity with which it abounds. M. Mocker, as Tacolin, sings and acts well, and gives his burlesque air, "Dans une symphonie," with spirit and effect.

The second concert of the Société Sainte Cécile,* was well attended, there being some cessation of the Crimean snow storm, which was in full vigour when they commenced operations. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's charming overture, "A calm sea and prosperous voyage." This glorious work, well known in Paris, was well played by the band. Nevertheless, the truth must be told, the audience did not sufficiently appreciate its beauties, which appeal, by the way, to a more educated intelligence than is usually found in a Parisian concert-room. Two unaccompanied glees or madrigals for four voices, written by Ballard in 1650, were then sung by the chorus. These pieces are called with us "brunettes," and a complete copy of Ballard's compositions is so rarely to be found, that the magnificent Imperial collection in the Rue Richelieu possesses but one volume out of the three which he wrote. The two pieces selected for this occasion were "Griselidis" and "Au bord de la Fontaine;" both gems in their way, and well sung by a chorus which had been thoroughly drilled by its chief, M. Wékerlin. The audience were enchanted with a school of music quite unknown to them, but well suited to please, and they were most liberal of applause. I know not if Ballard's music is familiar to you in England, if not, it is worthy the attention of your glee and madrigal clubs. M. Pilet followed with a *fantasia* for the violoncello, of his own composition. M. Pilet is so good an executant, that it is a pity he does not choose his pieces among those of some other composer than himself. He is worthy of better music. M. Stockhausen then sang the Seneschal's air from *Jean de Paris*, and sang it well. He is the son of Madame Stockhausen, who obtained such celebrity in England some fifteen or twenty years back, by singing Swiss and other national melodies.

Mozart's symphony in E flat was then played for the first time by this Society. The performance was very good, and the minuet was encored. M. Stockhausen should then have been heard in an air from Graun's oratorio, *La Mort de Jésus*, but feeling indisposed, he was released by the audience. The scena of "Rosamonde," by Schubert, fell to the lot of Mdlle. Montigny. She is possessed of no great compass or quality of voice, and takes unwarrantable liberties with the music, which is the more to be regretted, as she is evidently a singer of intelligence. The concert concluded with a chorus well performed by the executants, and was pleasantly ended (the concert, not the chorus) one hour and a half after its commencement.

Emile Augier has had a great success at the Gymnase with his new comedy entitled *La Ceinture Dorée*. Judging from the title, all the world expected a piece in the school of *La Dame aux Camélias*, *Les Filles de Marbre*, &c. This the rather, that the proverb "*Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée*," [fame outvalues gilded girdle] had its origin among ladies of the class referred to. The modest women of Athens complained of the efforts made by the Grecian *lorettes* to resemble them in dress and appearance. A law was passed which reserved to patricians alone the right to wear the gilded girdle, encompassing the tunic. However, little by little, the *lorettes* [probably with the contrivance of Pericles, Socrates, Alcibiades, and other lovers of the sex] assumed the forbidden *ceinture*; and the distinguishing characteristic of virtue was borne by those to whom vice had long been familiar. Then a noble Athenian matron threw her *ceinture* into the sea, crying, "Good fame outvalues gilded girdle," and thence the proverb. M. Angier has buckled his girdle round the waist of a worthy *parvenu bourgeois*, but instead of being gilded, it is filled with gold. M. Roussel, the bearer of the waistband, has made his fortune at the *Bourse*,

and wishes to acquire the good fame which is wanting, by means of the golden girdle he possesses. M. Berton acted the part, and nothing could be more perfect than his change from the disdainful and insolent tone he assumes to all below him, to the fawning, cringing, mean, and humble demeanour which marks his intercourse with those in a sphere superior to his own, but to which he hopes to rise. The other parts were filled by Mesdames Rose Cheri and Figeac; Messieurs Geoffroy and Lesnour, whose names are sufficient assurance of justice done to the author, and of the genuine success of the piece.

The yearly ball for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, held at the Opéra-Comique on Saturday last, was brilliantly attended. No women in the world so thoroughly understand the art of dress as the French actresses, and they filled the boxes in most brilliant *toilettes*, and sparkling with diamonds. There sat the queen of tragedy, Rachel, accompanied by one of her sisters, with that noble head unadorned by jewel or trinket. Nothing can exceed the wonderful beauty of Rachel's head, it is so massive and compressed; as though the brains of a hundred others had been welded together to form one great intelligence. Madame Stoltz was also there, radiant in jewels, with a diamond crescent, Diana like, sparkling on her forehead. She was surrounded by a brilliant court of literary celebrities. *La Dame aux Camélias* (Mad. Doche) reposed in state, beside her sister (Mdlle. Plunkett); she wore one white camelia in her hair; but her dress was covered with jewels and her arms blazed with bracelets. And there was Mdlle. Judith, bearing many magnificent proofs of the attachment of the Imperial Prince, lately returned from the Crimea; and Mdlle. Cico, and Mdlle. Duverger, and Mdlle. Brassiné, and Mdlle. St. Marc, and Mdlle. Luther, and a host of other charming and irresistible "divinities." The ball lasted until 6 o'clock, and the Café Anglais and Maison Dorée then received into their pleasant rooms, the gayer votaries of Terpsichore.

(From another Correspondent.)

THE talk of the week has been about M. Victor Massé's new operetta in one act, entitled *Miss Fauvette*, produced on Tuesday evening at the Opéra-Comique. M. Massé is the composer of several favorite operas: *La Chanteuse Voilée*, *Galathée*, and *les Noces de Jeannette*. The success of *Miss Fauvette* is on a par with that awarded to his former works. The plot is simple, turning on the attempts of a certain *blasé* Englishman, Lord Tristram (M. Sainte-Foy), to stop the gaiety of Lise (Mdlle. Lefebvre), a young and pretty *bouquetière* of twenty years of age, who, being as happy as the day is long, does nothing but sing either alone or in company with her favorite Cousin Robin (M. Jourdan). Lord Tristram christens her "*Miss Fauvette*" in consequence, and puts what little energy he has left into action for the purpose of stopping her singing, which keeps him in a constant state of sleepless nervousness. He first tries to succeed by daily buying up all her bouquets and making her rich. By that means he only makes Lise the happier, as she has thus the means of rendering her father more comfortable in his old age. "The devil take this incorrigible *Miss Fauvette*," says Lord Tristram, "I must invent some other means; suppose I ventured upon love! A girl who sighs won't sing." So he tells Lise that her cousin Robin is dying for her, which puts her in a *rêverie*, and Lord Tristram rubs his hands with delight. "Now," says he, "she will be quiet." Unfortunately Lord Tristram has stupidly told Robin, as a secret, that Lise is in love with him. Enchanted with this, Robin seeks Lise, and they soon understand each other. But then happiness bursts forth in song after song—which *contretemps* drives Lord Tristram almost to distraction. What to do? There is but one way of stopping it, and that is by making the lovers of his own creation jealous of each other. He effects this by a vile calumny, which makes them both miserable, and Lord Tristram now thinks himself triumphant, and hopes to recover his sleep and health. But no; he cannot sleep; or if he does, he has feverish dreams, is agitated by remorse, and sees in his dreams the two lovers made unhappy by his means. He rises full of remorse, and by a frank avowal of his stratagem, restores the lovers once more to happiness, and asks and obtains their pardon.

*Vide letter of "Another Correspondent," in last number.—ED.

The music of Victor Massé sustains his reputation as one of the pleasing composers of the Opéra-Comique school. The trio, in which Lord Tristram excites the jealousy of Robin, is clever and spirited, and was loudly encored. Mdlle. Lefebvre was charming as Lise, and both acted and sang her part to perfection. MM. Jourdan and Sainte-Foy acquitted themselves admirably as Robin and Lord Tristram. The whole, however, is a sorry caricature at the expense of the English.

At the Grand-Opéra, *Les Huguenots*, with Mdlle. Cruvelli, drew an immense house on Sunday. Mdlle. Rachel, having recovered, made her *réentrée* in the *Carine*, at the Théâtre-Français on Monday, which was crowded to the ceiling. The new comedy at the Odéon, *La Femme d'un Grand Homme*, was better received on the second representation, and may now be cited as a success. At the Théâtre-Lyrique on Monday, *Robin des Bois* (*Freischütz*) was played, followed by M. Pascal's opera of *Le Roman de la Rose*. On Tuesday, *Le Muletier* was played, and Mad. Cabel sung her aria, "Au Couvent," with success. At the Vaudeville, *Les Parisiens* continues to draw good houses; and the comedy by M. Lockroy, *Pourquoi?* keeps the audience in excellent humour. At the Gymnase the success of *La Ceinture Dorée* continues; so that it is not likely M. Dumas the younger's new piece, *Le Demi-Monde*, will be produced for some time. Neither at the Ambigu-Comique nor at the Délassements has there been anything new.

FOREIGN.

BRUSSELS.—The Company of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, (Grand Opéra) in the Belgian capital, are now performing at the Cirque, with success. The original theatre, built by the town, was a handsome spacious edifice. It was burned literally to ashes, nothing but the *façade* remaining.

LEIPZIG.—(*From a Correspondent*).—"Money is the root of all evil," says Solomon, in his "Proverbs." For once, however, it has proved the "root" of some good, since our conductor at the Gewandhaus, Herr Rietz, has promised faithfully to remain for ten years, on condition that the directors raise his salary to 1500 thalers per annum. This they have consented to do; so, thanks to their liberality, we shall not lose our able and popular Kapellmeister. It would have been a real loss for Leipzig, since Herr Rietz belongs to the best class of music-directors, is possessed of sound ability, and conducts with a point and vigour only to be met with in capable and talented musicians. The fifteenth Gewandhaus concert programme included the F major symphony (No. 8) of Beethoven; Weber's *Oberon* overture; a solo for the French horn, played by Herr Lindner, member of the orchestra; and an *Adagio and Rondo* of Vieuxtemps, performed by Mr. Wollenhaupt, a violinist from New York. The execution of the eighth symphony by the band left nothing to be desired. This was also the case with the overture of Weber. Herr Lindner, who, by the bye, is the best cornist we have here, gave his solo very well, and received no small share of applause. Much of the interest of the evening was concentrated in Mr. Wollenhaupt, a young artist of no ordinary talent, whose performance in general revealed the fruits of long and diligent application. Since finishing his studies at the "Conservatorium" here, this was his first appearance in public previous to his return to America, where we are sure he will meet with success. He was loudly applauded.

On Thursday, the 8th inst., the sixteenth Gewandhaus Concert took place. The programme was as follows:—

Beethoven's overture in C major, Op. 115; Overture by Herr F. Hiller, Kapellmeister at Cöln; Concerto for piano, composed and performed by the same; Aria by Mendelssohn, and two songs by R. Schumann, sung by Madame Botschön, from Prague; the whole concluding with the C major Symphony of Franz Schubert.

The overture of Beethoven was very successful; and this was also the case with Hiller's overture, a composition, which I think had never been heard at Leipzig before. Herr Hiller, as pianist, does not belong to the modern school. His performance exhibited none of those displays of *bravura* to no purpose, which are so much expected in the present day. He played his concerto in a spirited and masterly style, in spite of the indifferent instrument on which he had to perform, and both the music and the execu-

tion were greatly admired. Of Mad. Botschön I can say nothing particular, she is one of "the many" "tolerable" singers about. The Symphony of Schubert, a posthumous work, was found, with the date of the composer's death (1827) on it, by Robert Schumann, in a garret among many other dusty compositions. It was first introduced by Mendelssohn, at the Gewandhaus, where it made a great sensation, and since that time has been held in the highest esteem by our connoisseurs. The audience listened with the deepest attention, and at the end applauded with enthusiasm.

Madlle. Anna Zerr has not yet made her appearance in public. I hear that she objects doing so at present, as the weather is too cold for the theatre, and her health still remains delicate. These are not idle reasons, since the theatres in Germany are not heated like those in England.

The Pauliengeresangverein gave their annual concert on the 30th ult. at the Gewandhaus. As usual, there was an interesting programme, of which Mendelssohn was the principal feature. The room was crowded, and the applause great.

Mad. Krebs-Michalesi sang at the thirteenth Subscription Concert in the Gewandhaus, and was well received. Among the other popular artists who are engaged for the above concerts are Herren Bazzini, A. Dreyschock, and J. Schulhoff. —The hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birthday will be celebrated in January, 1856, but, previously, we shall have a new biography of the great master written by Herr Otto Jahn, and containing somewhere about 300 of Mozart's letters. I am happy to say that Herr Robert Schumann has completely recovered.

BERLIN.—(*From our own Correspondent*).—Madlle. Agnes Büry has been favourably received at the Royal Operahouse, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and Lucia in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.—Young Arthur Napoleon has made a hit at Kroll's Establishment, where he appeared for the first time last Wednesday. On Friday, Messrs. Roger and Vivier gave their second concert, which was rendered still more interesting by the first appearance of Miss Arabella Goddard, who played a prelude by Bach, and Stephen Heller's arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges." The audience were perfectly enraptured with her performance, and rewarded her with thunders of applause. The critic of the *Königlich privilegierte Berlinische Zeitung* speaks of her as follows:—

"I had intended to hear only the last pieces of the second part, but lo! and behold! either the commencement had been frozen, or something had retarded the performance, for I found that only the first pieces of the first part were over. My lucky star conducted me to my place in the room just in the middle of Miss Goddard's charming performance—she was on the point of completing, under loud applause, Bach's Prelude. When I say 'to my place,' that was not the case. I am guilty of an untruth. I mean 'not to my place,' for the room was so crammed—and with such a brilliant audience—that I found it impossible to get any other place than that next the door. I stood, therefore, as if on guard, and very willingly I did so. Miss Goddard is a mildly-beaming, precious jewel of pianoforte playing, which glitters with the most beautiful colours. If she is not a jewel of the most dazzling fire, she is at least of the purest water. I would not be understood as asserting by this that she is deficient in fire and sparkle, or that her soft touch is without very great strength and energy; on the contrary, she is capable of every shade of feeling, down to the most delicate whisper of a *pianissimo*. In the composition of Händel which she played, this diminishing climax was especially effective in several repeated flights. In the second part of the concert when she performed Stephen Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," she displayed the sterling gold of her brilliant skill in the modern style. She sang the melody with the most heartfelt expression, with the most delicate gradations of light and shade, while the figures of the accompaniment flew with light and graceful pinions over the keys. Most hearty and sincere applause—not forced and got up by clique and *claque*, as was the case with some one else towards the conclusion of the concert—was the well-merited reward of the fair artist."

Both M. Vivier and M. Roger came in for their full share of applause.*

* Vide last number of *M. W.*—Ed.

The first of the second series of Sinfonie-Soirées, began with Weber's overture to the *Beherrscher der Geister*, played in splendid style by the Royal Chapel. It was followed by Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska*, one of Haydn's symphonies in G major, and Beethoven's in C minor. Among the other concerts of the week, I may mention that given by Herr Bock, for the *début* of Mdle. von Harder, a pupil of Chopin, from St. Petersburg; the third concert of Herr Schulhoff; and the second concert of Herr Rubinstein. M. Roger is engaged for two more series of performances at the Royal Opera-house, the first to come off in the latter part of the present month, and the second in May.

VIENNA.—(From our own Correspondent).—There is nothing new at the Imperial Operahouse. On the 2nd inst., Herr Carl Haslinger gave a *soirée musicale* at his own house, and, in conjunction with Herren Strauss and Röver, performed Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, and Beethoven's variations for piano, violin, and violoncello (Op. 121). Bach's Prelude in C, transcribed for pianoforte, violin, and physharmonica (!), was also introduced. The songs were numerous—a great many too many. In the afternoon of the 4th inst., a concert was given in Schweighofer's Rooms, for the benefit of the Catholischer Frauenverein of the parish of Altlerchenfeld. Most of the performers are unknown to fame, and, therefore, it would be useless to take up your space by giving a list of them; but I may mention that there was a musical "prodigy," in the shape of a little girl eight years old, of the name of Hermine Roisser, who played a solo for the violin, composed by Herr Fuchs, and entitled, *Souvenir de Milanollo*.

HAMBURG.—Accounts of the 30th ult. mention the arrival of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, who, with her husband, gave a concert the night before at the Apollo Saloon, which was crowded to suffocation. A marked difference, however, was perceptible in the voice of "the Swedish Nightingale." She intended giving two more concerts, one of which, it was understood, was to be for the benefit of the poor families who suffered such losses from the memorable inundations on New Year's Day.

LISBON.—The journals here are loud in the praise of Mad. Albini, who has achieved a complete triumph at the San Carlos in *Anna Bolena*. The English tenor, Mr. Swift, is also well spoken of, while not unfairly criticised.

TURIN.—The Teatro Regio, which had been closed for some time on account of the deaths of the Queen and Queen-dowager of Sardinia, re-opened on the 24th with Rossini's *Barbiere*. Mad. Persiani was the Rosina, and excited the utmost enthusiasm. Sig. Beletti was Figaro.

PRAGUE.—The last survivor of all the members of the orchestra who played at the first representation of Mozart's *Don Juan* died on the 26th ult.

HANOVER.—Herr Bazzini, the violinist, made his first appearance at the fourth Subscription Concert, but did not produce the effect expected. At the Theatre Royal, Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been successful.

DESSAU.—M. Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was produced here, for the first time, on the 12th ult., with Mad. Stradiot-Mende as Fides.

GERA.—A very good performance of *La Fuite en Egypte*, by M. Hector Berlioz, was given at the tenth concert of the Musikalischer-Verein, on the 24th ult.

BRUNSWICK.—Mdle. Rosalie Spohr, the harpist, has left the profession, and will shortly be married to a Graf Saurma.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Mdle. Anna Zerr will begin a short engagement about the 17th or 18th inst. M. Roger will appear about the middle of March. As a proof of the activity displayed by the management of the Opera-house, we may state that in three months it has produced twenty-three operas.

CHELTHAM.—The two concerts given by M. Jullien at the Assembly Rooms, last Thursday and Friday, were both crowded to overflow, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Instrumental performances more perfect than those of M. Jullien's band it is almost impossible to conceive. Madame Pleyel, the celebrated pianist, executed a concerto by Mendelssohn with wonderful brilliancy; and Miss Dolby sang a song in each act very charmingly.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

CROFT v. LUMLEY.

(Court of Queen's Bench, Feb. 10. Before LORD CAMPBELL and a special jury.)

THE Attorney-General, Mr. H. Hill, Q.C., and Mr. Willes, appeared for the plaintiff; and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr. Bramwell, Q.C., and Mr. Maule, for the defendant. Sir Frederick Thesiger and Mr. Wells appeared for certain other parties, who had been left in by the Court to defend the action.

This was an action of ejectment brought against the defendant, Mr. Lumley, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, to recover possession of the same, upon the grounds of an alleged forfeiture. The plaintiff, Mr. Croft, was only interested in the action, as trustee and executor of the late Mr. Holloway, the grandfather of Mr. Holloway, the present owner of the theatre. The defendant, in the year 1843, had become the purchaser of a lease of the theatre, at a cost, it was stated, of £100,000 in all. By the terms of the lease the defendant was at liberty to dispose of forty-one boxes and fifty stalls during any portion of the term; but he was expressly restricted from disposing of any greater number; and the reason assigned for this restriction was, that no temptation might be afforded for extravagance and the anticipation of the revenues, which might eventually lead to the total incapacity of the lessee to keep the theatre open—as had, in fact, happened. There was a further covenant, that the lessee was not to encumber the theatre, and not to apply it to any but dramatic purposes, and he was bound to improve it to the utmost of his ability. The defendant covenanted that if he broke any of these covenants, his lease should be forfeited, and the lessee should be entitled to enter and take possession. The plaintiff now contended that the defendant had committed a breach of each particular covenant. He had executed warrants of attorney, judgments to a large amount were entered up against him, and he had consented to Judges' orders, and besides this he had demised 16 boxes and 50 stalls beyond the limited number. It was arranged that the fact should be stated in the form of a special case for the opinion of the Court on the main question of law, which arose as to whether the acts of the Defendant amounted to a forfeiture of his lease. But there was one question of fact upon which the parties, after a good deal of discussion, resolved to take the opinion of the jury. It appeared that, in the year 1851, Mr. Lumley was pressed by various creditors. This led Mr. Holloway, who was not only the owner of the theatre, but a holder of a mortgage upon the properties, to put a man in possession. The theatre, however, continued open during the season of 1852, but in the early part of the year 1853 a portion of the properties was put up for sale by auction. The object and effect of this sale was to induce Lord Ward, and others interested in the theatre, to come forward and purchase the remainder of the properties, and so prevent their being dispersed. The theatre from that time continued closed. In the month of June, 1854, Mr. Martelli, who had the management of the property for his brother, Mr. Holloway, heard of the encumbrances upon the theatre, and intimated to the defendant and other parties interested, his intention to bring an ejectment as for a forfeiture. Under these circumstances the Messrs. Lyons, Barnes, and Ellis, who were acting as solicitors to Lord Ward, the lessee of some boxes, wrote to Mr. Martelli, expressing their intention to pay the quarter's rent which became due at Michaelmas, 1854. A correspondence ensued, in which Mr. Martelli said he was willing to receive the money, but without prejudice to the forfeiture which had been incurred. Mr. Barnes, on the other hand, was willing to pay the money, but simply as rent. Eventually, Mr. Martelli and Mr. Barnes met by appointment at the office of the latter, when the sum of £967 7s., the amount of a quarter's rent, was laid on the table. Mr. Barnes said that Mr. Martelli might take the money as rent, but the latter said he would take it as compensation, but not as rent under an unforfeited lease. A good deal was said by both parties to the same effect, but Mr. Martelli stated that, as he took up the money, he used the words before mentioned. On the other hand, Mr. Barnes and his clerk stated that these words were not used at that time, but that the last words spoken before the money was taken up were, that it must be taken as rent or not at all. It was ultimately left to the jury to say on whose accuracy they placed most reliance as to the turn of the conversation.

The defendant contended that the acceptance of rent under the above circumstances amounted to a waiver of the forfeiture. The plaintiff, however, denied this, and he further relied in support of the action upon the circumstance, that since the alleged waiver he had heard in the month of January, in the present year, that the defendant had incurred another forfeiture by demising sixteen boxes and fifty stalls to a person named Hughes, contrary to the covenant of his lease.

It was finally agreed that all the facts, including the opinion of the

jury upon the point submitted to them, should be stated in the form of a special case for the opinion of the Court.

The jury, after being absent from Court for some time, gave their opinion in favour of Mr. Martelli's account of the circumstances attending the payment of the rent.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is necessary to inform advertisers that we cannot undertake to extract advertisements ourselves, for insertion, from other papers. Whatever advertisements are intended for the *MUSICAL WORLD* must be sent to the Office by the proper authorities or their agents. This will render all mistakes impossible for the future.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of *THE MUSICAL WORLD*, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

TO ORGANISTS.—The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.

NEW ORGAN FOR MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.—A description of this instrument will appear in our next.

BIRTH.

On the 13th instant, at Manchester Street, Mrs. F. Bowen Jewson, of a son.

OBITUARY.

On the 4th of February, aged 73, at Mayence, J. J. Schott, head of the firm of B. Schott fils, the well-known music publishers, and proprietor of the *Gazette Musicale de l'Allemagne du Midi*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW MUSIC FOR REVIEW.—The songs of Messrs. Schulz and Gumbert, and the two duets of Mr. Loder, have been already reviewed.

LEONORA.—Assuredly.

AUDITOR requests that the following erratum may be inserted.

"In the 7th line of the letter of the 26th ult. for 'weekly host,' read 'weakly host.'"

A CONSTANT READER.—Apply to MR. DESMOND RYAN, 2, Kildare Terrace, Westbourne Park, Bayswater, to whom, as the author, the music has been sent.

MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT, in consequence of the unusual severity of the weather, and by desire of several of his patrons and friends, begs to announce that the first of the Series of Performances of Classical Piano-forte Music will not take place until Tuesday Evening, March 13th, this being the date originally fixed for the second performance. The dates will now stand: Tuesday Evening, March 13th, 1855; Tuesday Evening, April 3rd, 1855; Tuesday Evening, May 1st, 1855. If those subscribers who have their tickets already will kindly alter the dates thereon, according to the above, Mr. Sterndalé Bennett will feel greatly obliged.—15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, February 14th, 1855.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1855.

It is not very long ago since an article appeared in this journal *à propos* of Cherubini. The merits of the renowned Italian composer were not so much discussed as the probable reasons why, in the eyes of the whole world, he had not occupied that place among the greatest masters to which so many good judges intimately acquainted with his works considered him entitled. No musician was ever more highly

extolled than Cherubini; and yet no musician of the first-class was ever so generally little known. Who ever heard a tune, by Cherubini, familiarly hummed in society, or familiarly discussed among amateurs—not to say familiarly ground upon the barrel organ? And yet it is hardly a specific condition of the great masters, that their tunes are not to be hummed, discussed, or ground upon street nuisances. On the contrary, who can think of Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, without recurring to the many beautiful tunes (yes, tunes—ye disciples of Wagner and the "future!") with which they have enriched the world of melody? These men thought tune; and for that reason their music is a portion of the eternal harmony—like the verse of Shakspeare, Milton, Shelley, and the poets. We are not going to add, that Cherubini did not likewise; we have merely suggested—as a point worth inquiry—the fact, that the tunes of Cherubini have never become familiar, even in Paris, where he instructed Auber (and Berlioz, and Halévy, and Adam "of the Institute"), and where there is a sort of affectation, for it is nothing better, of regarding him as the greatest of masters.

"But, after all, what is *tune*?" some may inquire. "We look to something loftier. Sebastian Bach was not remarkable for tune; yet he was the first of musicians." Without agreeing to either proposition—without according to Sebastian Bach the first place among musicians, and protesting loudly against the theory that he had not the faculty of tune, for the sake of argument, nevertheless, we will say—"Be it so!" What follows? This does not account for Cherubini's immense reputation, and his comparative obscurity, at a breath. Oh!—but he was the finest of contrapuntists, the most learned of musicians, the most thorough master of fugue, and the grandest and most profound of all the writers for the church. Besides—read the letter which Beethoven addressed to him, with the dedication of his second mass, his (Beethoven's) greatest work, in his (Beethoven's) own opinion. Well—we have read the letter; and we remember reading, in the same book, that Cherubini never deigned to answer it. This suggests, that Cherubini had heard the mass and did not like it—which may be well believed; or that he knew little of Beethoven as a composer; or that, knowing all, he cared not much for the great "tone-poet." If the first, we might even go so far as to sympathise with Cherubini's taste, while condemning his politeness, despising his common-place heartlessness when it is remembered from whom the letter came, and wondering at his conceit that he should not have felt humbled to the dust (as a brother musician) at the enormous compliment of a voluntary dedication from one so immeasurably his superior. If he knew little of Beethoven as a composer, he was to be pitied as a man, rated as an artist, and repudiated as the principal of an educational institution like the *Conservatoire* of Paris. But if, knowing all, he cared not much for Beethoven's works, we need go no further in search of a cause for his own want of success with the world of music, and with the great human heart that, ignorant or informed, must, through "the finger that enforced it," have some clinging sympathy for the beautiful, no matter in whatever form declared. We acquit Cherubini of one and all, and attribute his lack of courtesy to ill health, bad temper, much occupation, and self disappointment. He had tried symphonies and failed; he had tried quartets and failed. By failure we do not wish to insinuate that either his symphonies or his quartets were bad, or even mediocre; but, alas! they made no impression on the ordi-

nary world, and were not cited as master-pieces by connoisseurs; in short, they were not allotted a place among the great and imperishable things of art, and we who know them, confess that, in our opinion, they merit no such high distinction.

As one by one the larger works of this first of contrapuntists, most learned of musicians, most thorough master of fugue, and grandest and most profound of all writers for the church, are introduced to us in England, it becomes more and more puzzling to account for the extravagant things that have been said of them. For the opinion of the French we care not a straw, since the French, properly speaking, have no musical opinion at all. But others who are not French, nor maniacs and Wagnerites neither, have risen to the skies in eulogising the genius and learning of Cherubini. We never could see anything so very unfathomable as all this in his dramatic overtures, which the Philharmonic Societies have constantly given, although two or three of them are fine enough. But it is not fair to judge composers by one style of writing alone. Of late years, however, the Old Philharmonic has revived an old symphony; M. Sainton has played us three quartets at the Quartet Association; the New Philharmonic has produced a requiem, and now but yesterday a mass (a "work"); and yet with all these chances of mending our opinion, we are yet at a stand-still—we the public of London, not we the Editor of the *Musical World*. (Let that be well understood; otherwise we may have some anonymous correspondent chiding us for not being acquainted with all the published compositions of Cherubini—which would be manifestly unjust.)

It will probably be asked, at what we are driving. We are "driving" simply at this. Cherubini has hitherto been a name, under the shadow of which some giant has been supposed to hove. And we are "driving," as fast as we may, at warning all whom it may concern, *not too believe too much, lest they be fated to find too little*. That would be a disappointment, perhaps a chagrin, which we would fain do our best to spare them. That the giant can ever turn out a dwarf, we at once declare to be impossible; but it is more than probable that he may lack a cubit or so of his expected stature. Moreover, it is doubtful whether Cherubini was what Richard Wagner terms "a good rider."

These and other matters, however, will be better understood when "the books" are forthcoming. Dr. Liszt must send the books without delay.

WHILE so much is said of so many composers (about some of whom the least said would be the soonest mended) who ever hears one word about Jean Henri Rolle? And yet Rolle was a man of note in his day. Like Richard, he was a *Kapellmeister*—only not at the important town of Zurich. Rolle was a *Kapellmeister*, and was born at Quedlinburgh. He was born in 1718, and there is no reason why he should be forgotten. He was born at Quedlinburgh, where his father, Chrétien-Charles, who had two other sons, two other Rolles (French Rolls?)—was director of the music. When J. H. Rolle was three years old, his family rolled off to Magdeburgh, old Rolle, the Governor, having received an invitation to become *Maitre de Chapelle* in that well-fortified city. There (at Magdeburgh) Henri learnt the first elements of the sciences, and mastered his musical notes in the bargain. His natural talents, aided by zeal and assiduity, enabled him, at the age of thirteen, after ten years of hard study, to compose a sacred piece,

sufficiently "correct" to be performed at the church of the Holy Ghost. At fourteen he was appointed organist of St. Peter's (Magdeburgh), a situation which he held six years, during which time his application was intense. In 1736 he went to Leipsic, where for four years he studied philosophy and jurisprudence at the University. He then proceeded to Berlin, and (in consequence of his great love of harmony?) was created *magistrate* at a town in the vicinity.

About this time Frederick the Great mounted the throne. The strong predilection for music of that warlike disciple of peace tended to diffuse a taste for musical performances in all classes of society throughout Berlin. The proofs which Rolle gave of his abilities in this line procured him many friends, by whom he was urgently solicited to devote himself exclusively to the study and practice of music, and to cut the bench entirely. "Wise men flattering" had their influence; and that was backed by his own inclination. Rolle accepted the appointment of concert-master to the king.

Six years later he was elected organist of the church of St. John at Magdeburgh; and old Rolle dying in 1752, his son and heir was nominated Music Director to the University. These situations Rolle held until December, 1785, when he was attacked by apoplexy, which for some days deprived him of sight and understanding—of vision physical and mental. He recovered, however, both the eyes of his body and the eyes of his soul, until a second fit, in the course of the same month, terminated his life at a stroke.

Rolle died at the age of sixty-seven, and left his portrait to the Society of the *Belles Lettres*. The portrait was placed in the library forthwith.

The compositions of Rolle are numerous, and of various kinds. They were censured by some, as defective in "rhythm" and everything else, at one period; but since that they have been altogether forgotten. Some antiquarians who remember having seen Rolle's portrait at Magdeburgh, declare that his works possess considerable merit, their characteristics being softness and delicacy. His melodies, they add, are here noble there simple; his modulation is natural, and his harmony pure. Graun was his principal model; and his own motets, modelled on Graun's, became afterwards models for others, which, unfortunately, however, were not followed. "In a word," says a Quedlinburgh critic, "Jean Henri Rolle was a scholar, a musician, and a genius."

How then has his memory passed away?

THREE nightingales were heard to sing the other night near a ragged bush, in what, by an horticultural courtesy, peculiar to Old Bond Street, is still denominated "Burlington Gardens."

It was snowing fast.

One nightingale in a leafless bower, and in winter, is anomalous to natural history. One nightingale, singing, still more.

Two nightingales, as aforesaid, would signify nothing. The one would neutralise the first, and the omen perish.

But three nightingales! One is anomalous; two indifferent; three ominous.

Three nightingales are ominous—very ominous.

They were disturbed by Mr. Sams, returning from his club in the vicinity; they "fled away afeard," to Manchester-square, and hid themselves in a branch of an evergreen.

Mr. Benedict, coming suddenly home to No. 2, disturbed them again. They fled to Exeter Hall, and perched upon

the roof. In Exeter-street was Mr. Mitchell, who, contrary to his custom, was taking a midnight walk, doubtless admiring the architectural beauties of the great controversial temple in the Strand.

It was snowing fast.

This was very mysterious; and we can scarcely believe Mr. Præger (Ferdinandus), a soothsayer, who interprets it thus:—

"Exeter Hall has been taken for Jenny Lind (the "Swedish Nightingale"). Six concerts—*oratorios*—will be given, the angelic protégée of Barnum being desirous of serving out Signor Costa at the Sacred Harmonic Society, as she served him out at the Royal Italian Opera."

Need we repeat that we can scarcely believe the interpretations of Præger, the soothsayer (although he will have Richard with him, and "the books").

The tri-syllable "Nightingale" is suggestive; but no—Mitchell or Benedict would have told us all about it.

* * IT WILL BE SEEN by our advertisements, that Mr. Sterndale Bennett, owing to the continued severity of the weather, has postponed his first performance of Classical Piano-forte Music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to Tuesday evening March 13th. The dates of the two following concerts are April 3rd and May 1st. Subscribers have only to alter the original to the new dates, and the issue of fresh tickets will be unnecessary.

SALAMAN'S AMATEUR CHORAL SOCIETY.—The fourth meeting of this Society took place last Wednesday evening, as usual, at the residence of its founder and director, Mr. Charles Salaman, in Baker-street. The full attendance of members—in number exceeding sixty—evinced the great interest they took in their desire to do justice to the two grand choral works selected for the evening's performance, viz., Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. The execution of these masterpieces was highly creditable to the Society. The soli and concerted pieces were, for the most part, sung with judgment and musical feeling; the voices of the principal singers being equal to the tasks assigned to them. The Society has now been established five years, and each successive season proves, by its continuous success, the estimation in which it is held by many distinguished amateurs. The success is in a great measure attributable to Mr. Salaman, who takes infinite pains, and expends a great deal of time on its government. Haydn's *Seasons* is announced for the next meeting, on the 7th of March.

THE MISSES ALEXANDER.—From correspondence we have received from Italy, and also from the Italian newspapers, we hear that two of our countrywomen, the Misses Alexander, are singing with great success at Padua, under the names of the Signore Adele and Enrichetta Alessandri. They have also sung in Milan and in Piedmont with the greatest applause. One is *soprano*, the other *contralto*. At Padua, where they are singing now, the public is a most difficult one to please, being always accustomed to *artistes* of the first rank. The Misses Alexander, however, have succeeded in obtaining the applause of every audience they have sung before in this town. The greatest proof of their success is that since their *début* they have never been without engagements.

RUSSIAN SONGS.—Russian literature was but a collection of rude country songs, which spoke the only utterance the serf dared breathe of his hapless lot. Song is the single solace of the slave, and Russian despotism has not yet been able to deprive him of it. A woeful melancholy runs through all these relics of the Slavonic muse. Melancholy is for the most part characteristic of rude poetry, but this was the melancholy of desolation, and this was the old literature of Russia. It is a dread testimony of the condition of a people when the heroes of its literature are brigands.—*Eclectic Review*, Feb. 1855.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE New Philharmonic Society gave the first concert of its fourth season, on Wednesday night, at Exeter Hall. Why Exeter Hall—rejected, last year, for St. Martin's—we are unable to say. Many of the subscribers, it has been stated, preferred the Hall in the Strand to the Hall in the Acre. It is more likely, however, that St. Martin's was not considered large enough; or, perhaps, since the concerts are now announced to be given for charitable purposes, and arrangements have been entered into with certain hospitals in the metropolis, it may be that the removal from St. Martin's to Exeter Hall has its foundation in them. If this be not the cause, we can suggest no other. No doubt the directors of the Society have acted for the best. The policy of giving a series of concerts ostensibly for charitable purposes has yet to be proved. Nevertheless, if the entertainment be good, the public will not regret paying for their tickets, because the money may go to the Brompton Hospital or the Lunatic Asylum. The programme and performances of Wednesday night were first-rate. The band, one of the most complete and efficient ever brought together in a concert-room, numbers more than one hundred of the best performers in the country. Mr. Willy is the *chef-d'attaque*, and an artist of celebrity is placed at the head of every department. There is no point weak, and we think on the whole there is a great improvement on last year.

The following is a complete list of the force:—

First Violins: Willy (*principal*), Cooper, Collins (V.), Carrodus, Case, Doyle, Hayward, Heddegham, Jacquin, Kreutzer, Deichmann, Nadaud, Mori (N.), Pollitzer, Silberberg, Thirlwall (*sen.*), Thirlwall (*jun.*), Tolbecque, Watson (W.), Zerbini.—**Second Violins:** Watkins (*principal*), Browne (T.), Band, Chipp (E.), Clementi, Collins, Isaac, Dohi, Egerton, Folkes, Griesbach (H.), Hall (C.), Haldane, Jones (S.), Kelly, Homewood, Præger, Pries, Streather (A.), Watson, Ganz.—**Violas:** Goffrie (*principal*), Borschitzsky, Dubruel, Lutgen, Reyloff, Reynolds, Stehling, Suppus, Schmidt, Thompson, Trust, Webb, Wand, Vogel.—**Violoncellos:** Collins (*principal*), Aylward, Chipp (H.), Calkin, Engelke, Goodban, Guest (A.), Hancock, Payne, Pettitt, Reed (W. F.), Reed (W. H.), Schroeder, Shepherd, Quinton.—**Basses:** Howell (*principal*), Pratten, Mount, C. sel, Edgar, Giles, Griffett, Kleigl, Pickheart, Reynolds, Russell, Severn (C.), White, Winterbottom.—**Flutes:** Pratten and Godfrey.—**Oboes:** Barret, Crozier.—**Clarinets:** Lazarus, Maycock.—**Bassoons:** Bau nann, Hardy.—**Horns:** Harper (C.), Mann, Standen, Hooper.—**Trumpets:** Harper, Irwin.—**Trombones:** Cioffi, Antoine, Winterbottom.—**Drums:** Chipp (Sen.)

The chorus amounts to 300, whose capabilities were well tested in Cherubini's Mass in C. The order of selection was as follows:—

PART I.			
Overture (Egmont)	Beethoven.		
Grand Choral Work in C	Cherubini.		
Symphony in A	Beethoven.		
PART II.			
Overture (Ruy Blas)	Mendelssohn.		
Aria, "Parto;" Miss Birch (Tito)	Mozart.		
Clarinet obligato, Mr. Lazarus.			
Solo, violin, Herr Ernst, (Il Pirata)	Ernst.		
Part Song, Chorus, "O hills, O dales"	Mendelssohn.		
Overture (Euryanthe)	Weber.		
Conductor, Dr. Wylde.			

Beethoven's overture, finely executed and loudly applauded, left no doubt as to the quality of the band. Cherubini's mass in C (or "Grand Choral Work") was listened to with the utmost interest. It is a great, but unequal composition, deficient in sustained power, and decidedly inferior in elevation of style to the *Requiem*, which excited so much attention last year at one of the Society's concerts. It ranks as No. 4 in the order of Cherubini's works for the Roman Catholic service, and displays that command of the resources of his art, and that clearness of design and detail for which he was remarkable. Cherubini was, undoubtedly, a great master and a profound contrapuntist; his mind subtle, penetrating, and stored with knowledge; ever seeking to perfect his labours, and bringing to his task an earnestness which might not inaptly be termed "devotion;" he has left a name behind him superior to that of any other of the

learned Italian musicians. Cherubini began his career by writing operas. Some of these have outlived him "by esteem," but they have not come down to us. The overtures to *Anacreon*, *Les deux Journées*, *Lodoiska*, *Medea*, &c., are well known and much esteemed; but the works, of which they constitute the preludes, are not familiar to our public. It is to be hoped, in these barren times, when the dearth of living talent necessitates a "search among the tombs," that some bold manager may lay open the sepulchre of Cherubini, and bring to light some of the treasures which have been suffered to be concealed for too long a time. It is doubtful, nevertheless, whether Cherubini's mind was especially fitted for dramatic composition. His operas are certainly less popularly known than his masses, even in Germany, where his works are most played. Mozart and Haydn, who have written the largest number of masses, do not enjoy a reputation equal to his in that especial branch of musical art. While his two illustrious predecessors—according to some critics—seem to have treated the service of the mass with indifference—"using it as a mere vehicle for the display of melodic beauties or harmonic ingenuities"—Cherubini "is grave, solemn, even austere in his holy song, and writes as if he were doing penance in sack-cloth and ashes." We know that this is the general opinion, but we cannot be made to concede that Mozart's masses are less appropriate than Cherubini's because they are more melodious. However, this is not a question for present consideration. The Mass in C is worthy a place in any programme, and was doubly welcome on Wednesday night, since it was heard for the first time in this country. The general performance was excellent. The band, as a matter of course, was irreproachable, and the chorus was steady and energetic throughout. The solo parts were sung by Misses Birch, Dianelli, Murrai, Messrs. Augustus Braham, Herbert, Smythson, and Hamilton Braham, who acquitted themselves in the difficult and elaborate concerted music in a highly creditable manner. The applause at the termination was loud and continuous.

We never heard the Seventh symphony played with greater effect from beginning to end. The second movement was redemanded, and repeated. While the whole orchestra is entitled to the highest praise, the wind instruments must be noticed as being more perfect in the close of this movement than we ever remember to have heard them.

The second part—judiciously, we think—was made lighter than the first. The spirit-stirring overture of Mendelssohn was dashed off with corresponding fire and impetuosity, and created an immense impression. The more this overture is played, the more it is liked. It is now one of the chief favourites in all orchestral performances. It has well been termed "a lightning flash of genius, from beginning to end." Miss Birch was in excellent voice, and was most happy in her vocal selection. We have not often heard Mozart's divine song rendered with greater purity and quiet earnestness. Mr. Lazarus's clarinet *obbligato* was worthy of all praise. About Herr Ernst's admirable performance of one of his most favourite *morceaux*, we need only say it created a *furor*. We have seldom heard the great German violinist to more advantage. Mendelssohn's delicious part-song was sung to perfection by the chorus; and when the third and last verse was finished, the audience seemed to regret that there were not three more. What would Herr Richard Wagner have said for the chance of a success for his "Music for the Future," had he been present and witnessed the profound effect produced by this simple, tranquil, unpretending, effortless outpourings of true genius? He might have said, "When the 'Music of the Future' is acknowledged, this will be forgotten." Yes—but not till then. The fiery overture of Weber made a famous winding-up to one of the best concerts we have had for a long time.

Dr. Wylde proved himself even more than a thoroughly efficient conductor. Always expert, ready, and zealous, he seems to have gained, with experience, self-possession and self-reliance—two qualities, without which no amount of talent or knowledge can avail in such an office. The duties of the conductor were by no means light on Wednesday. The mass of Cherubini and Beethoven's symphony would have tested the powers of any conductor to the utmost. But Dr. Wylde came

out most successfully from the ordeal. No practised hand could have indicated more correctly the times of the different movements in the symphony; while, upon the mass, the greatest care and pains seems to have been expended. If the first concert of the fourth season was honourable to the New Philharmonic Society, it was hardly less so to its conductor.

The attendance was good; but, doubtless owing to the inclemency of the weather, the Hall was not crowded.

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS.

In defiance of the war and of the weather, and in the face of a possible loss, not in reputation but in money, Mr. Ella has resumed his agreeable winter concerts. The first took place on Thursday evening, at Willis's Rooms, as usual, and attracted a fashionable and aristocratic (if not a numerous) audience, under the "cold shade" of which Mr. Ella's army of fiddlers prospered much better than our Crimean army seems to do under that of Lord Raglan and his Staff. If the room was cold, the audience was warm, and the artists, thus encouraged, played superbly. The following was the programme, which may itself, in some degree, account for the general satisfaction:—

Quartet, B flat. 3-4, Mozart; Quintet, F major. Op. 44. (MS.) piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, Pauer; Quartet, E flat. Op. 12, Mendelssohn; *Pensées fugitives*, piano and violin, Heller and Ernst; Solo, pianoforte.

Executants.—1st violin, Herr Ernst; 2nd violin, Herr Goffrie; oboe, M. Barret; clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; viola, Mr. Hill; violoncello, Signor Piatti; bassoon, Mr. Snelling; horn, Mr. C. Harper; pianist, Herr Pauer.

Mozart's quartet is one of his simplest, but not one of his least charming. It belongs to a set of three, composed at Berlin in 1789, for certain special artists, friends of the great musician. It is all peace and quietness, was exquisitely played by Herr Ernst and his companions, and must have gone far to drive all thoughts of the war out of the heads of the auditors.

Herr Pauer's new quintet, coming between Mozart and Mendelssohn, had scarcely a fair chance. It was like an abstraction between two things of flesh and blood. The quintet, however, is clever, brilliant for the piano, nicely written for the wind instruments, and, though altogether unambitious in style—if style, indeed, it may be said to possess, having no individual character of its own—is very creditable to Herr Pauer's talent as a composer. It was capitally played by the author and his excellent wind band, whose names are guarantees for good performance, and warmly applauded.

Mendelssohn's quartet is one of those prodigies of his early youth, about which we have nothing to add to what we have already said on many occasions. Enough to recal to the reader that it is the one which contains the quaint *canzonet* in G minor, a "thing of beauty" that must "live for ever," as the poet says. It was a real treat to connoisseurs to hear Herr Ernst's fine and expressive reading of the whole of this quartet, and to remark the entire distinction which he made between it and the more primitive work of the genial and prolific Mozart. Herr Ernst, in short, is a subtle actor; and the various quartets, etc., of the great masters to him are much the same as the different characters of Shakspeare to such a comedian as Macready. Signor Piatti, too, was more than perfect—pass the anomaly—was more than perfect in this work of Mendelssohn, as he was nothing less than perfect in that of the author of the *Jupiter* Symphony. When shall we hear such another violoncello!—such mechanism, such tone, such execution?

The delicious *Pensées Fugitives* of Ernst and his gifted friend and compatriot, Stephen Heller—who continues moodily to smoke solitary cigars on the Boulevards, and drink black coffee, amidst bearded and vociferous Germans, at the Café Helder—are always welcome. Three of the best of them—the *Romance* in F, the *Intermezzo* in D minor, and the *Lied* in D major—were played, and played to admiration on this occasion, by Herr Ernst and Herr Pauer. The audience were delighted. Had they not been so, they would have been nor better nor worse than stones.

To conclude, Herr Pauer performed, *solus*, Mendelssohn's *Air*

Varié, in B flat—"posthumous"—and Weber's *Rondo Brillant*, in E flat, neither of which, though both gems, are suited to that aspiring jeweller's heavy style of setting. The piano upon which Herr Pauer performed was one of the most gorgeous, magnificent, wealthy-toned instruments we ever heard, even from the inexhaustible manufactory of the house of Broadwood, where fine-toned pianofortes veritably constitute an *embarras de richesses*.

Mr. Ella, surrounded by his noble, rich, and comely lady patronesses, was as courteous, dignified, and pains-taking as ever. His ancient and appropriate motto—

"Il più grand' ommaggio alla musica sta nel silenzio"—

stood as usual at the head of the programmes, and seemed to find an echo in the sparsely-populated room. Announcing the unwelcome fact, that "no analytical synopsis will be printed for these concerts," the director of the Musical Union glides into the following observations:—

"The general depression of the public mind, owing to disasters of the war in the East, for a while made me hesitate about renewing these Winter Concerts. Upon inquiry, both in London and the provincial towns, I was assured that, although balls and other amusements repugnant to the present feelings of the people had been relinquished, all entertainments of good music had been patronized as in former years. After this assurance, and yielding to the persuasions of friendly advisers, I decided upon giving these performances. I have since discovered, much to my regret, that the mournful consequences of the war have deprived me of several constant attendants at these Winter Evenings. With the talent secured, and by introducing some novelty each night in the programmes, I hope to satisfy those who honour me with their presence, that no exertions on my part shall be wanting to make these evenings, in every way, equal to those of former seasons."

We heartily wish him success. With such patronesses as the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Dowager Lady Rivers, the Lady Cranworth, the Hon. Mrs. C. Bruce, the Lady Clerk, and Miss Cornewall, why indeed should he not find fair and healthy patronage?

DRAMATIC.

ADELPHI.—It is more than twenty years since Auber's ballet-opera, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* was first produced at the Grand-Opéra at Paris. The subject was entirely new; the legend was striking; the piece sufficiently well constructed; the getting up magnificent; the general performance unexceptionable; the music delicious; and, by a natural consequence, the success immense. As every new production in the French capital is watched with keen interest by the London managers, it is not to be supposed that a piece which had achieved such a triumph would have remained long untransferred to one of our principal theatres. *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* was brought out at Drury Lane, shortly after its production in Paris, under the title of *The Maid of Cashmere*—a better title, perhaps, than the original. The tale upon which the drama is founded may be seen in Göthe; but the legend is very old. One of the Hindoo gods, as a punishment for some dereliction, is driven from the heavens and condemned to wander on the earth until such time as he can find a woman with a pure, uncontaminated heart. The exile of the skies finds the pure, uncontaminated heart in a young wandering dancing girl with very short petticoats, whom he straightway carries off to Heaven—backwards and upwards, according to stage management—without depriving her of mortal breath, or foregoing as much as a spangle of her earthly costume. There is one signal advantage the charming bayadère seems to have possessed over other women, which doubtless recommended her so strongly to the Brahma deity, and constituted her crowning virtue in the eye of the supernals—she never spoke. When questioned, she danced a response. When *The Bayadère* was produced at Drury Lane, Mr. Wood played the exiled angel, Mdlle. Duvernoy the principal bayadère, and Miss Betts, Ninka, the singing bayadère. It was got up with great splendour, and had a long run. Some years afterwards, during the dynasty at Her Majesty's Theatre of the fair sisters Ellsler, *La Bayadère* was brought out as a ballet, and had a

great success, Mdlle. Fanny Ellsler representing the bayadère and Mdlle. Theresa the Brahma deity.

The engagement at the Adelphi of the two accomplished danseuses, Mdlles. Maraquita and Benoni, doubtless suggested to Madame Celeste the revival of *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*. Although in possession of no operatic force, the Adelphi company is not entirely wanting in singers—witness Miss Woolgar, Miss Mary Keeley, and Mr. Paul Bedford—and consequently Madame Celeste, in considering the reproduction, did not leave music altogether out of the question. It was not to be expected that the whole could be given, nor that what was given should be performed exactly as it should be. On the whole, the general performance—making every necessary allowance—was creditable to a non-operatic establishment. As much of the original music as could fairly be executed by the company was retained; and, as far as the scenery, dresses, and appointments were concerned, an improvement could hardly be pointed out. The music was "*adapted and arranged*" for the company by Mr. Alfred Mellon, and Madame Celeste had the superintendence of the ballet department. One dilemma the fair manageress was placed in, from which, however, she contrived to come out with flying colours. It might be said that the ballet corps of the Adelphi laboured under an *embarras de richesses*. It acknowledged two *premières danseuses*. What to do with them? How prevent feelings of rivalry? Madame Celeste discovered a way, *vide* daily bills, where it is announced as follows:

"Zoloe (the Maid of Cashmere), on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Mademoiselle Maraquita; on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Mademoiselle Benoni;—Fatma (her companion) on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Mademoiselle Benoni; on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Mademoiselle Maraquita."

Again the celebrated shawl dance was to be alternated; so that, in fact, everything was done openly, that could be done openly, to demonstrate to the world, that Mademoiselle Maraquita was not considered superior to Mademoiselle Benoni—and *vice versa*. Nevertheless, both dancers had their special favourers. Mademoiselle Maraquita was more generally admired for her ease, bird-like motion, and simplicity of style; Mademoiselle Benoni was recommended to many by her firm *poses*, the boldness of some of her steps, and her undeniable strength. It was, in short, a friendly "passage of feet," a struggle of grace against muscle. Both artists were loudly applauded in the *pas de deux* of the second act, and to neither was allowed the title of conqueror.

The piece which, in the Adelphi version, rejoices in the title of *The Unknown and the Bayadère*, was so successful, that we literally read the announcement of its success at Knightsbridge, on Monday morning, ten hours before the first performance took place. A genuine triumph, therefore, must have been anticipated by the management, and a genuine triumph was achieved. *The Unknown and the Bayadère* has been repeated every night during the week, and the alternation of the part of the first bayadère by the charming danseuses Mdlles. Maraquita and Benoni appears to lend an additional attraction to the performance.

HAYMARKET.—On Saturday Miss Cushman appeared as Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering*, the first time since her re-engagement. The performance of the accomplished actress in her popular part was as vigorous and powerful as ever, and created the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies, in a word, may be pronounced one of the most vivid and striking examples of melodramatic acting on record. On Saturday evening, Mr. George Tedder made his first appearance at this theatre, in Henry Bertram. He has got a fine voice, and sings with much energy.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—The indefatigable Mr. Allcroft has announced for Wednesday evening (see our advertising columns) one of his "monster" entertainments at this theatre. The array of names set forth in the programme will doubtless attract an overflowing audience. This is the eighteenth year Mr. Allcroft has got up entertainments for the multitude on this large scale. From this it may be surmised that they have been both attractive to the public and profitable to the speculator.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The St. James's Theatre will re-open on Saturday with two new pieces, under the management of Mrs. Seymour. The bills do not specify any changes or additions having taken place in the Company. A new farce has been brought out at Drury Lane during the week, entitled, *Writing on the Shutters*. Notwithstanding all the rumours respecting Meyerbeer's paying Mr. E. T. Smith a large sum of money not to bring out an English version of *L'Etoile du Nord*, its performance is announced in the bills for Monday next. Mlle. Jenny Bauer—a German *soprano* of some reputation, and of whose vocal abilities we had occasion to speak in our notice of one of the concerts of the Réunion des Arts—has been engaged for the part of Catherine, and Mr. Whitworth, we believe, will sustain the part of Peter.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The seventh concert of the Classical Chamber Music Society took place at the Town Hall on Thursday the 8th. The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.

Quartet (In F, Op. 18) Beethoven.
Solo—Violoncello, Signor Piatti Piatti.
Serenata—Violin, tenor, and violoncello, (in D, Op. 8) Beethoven.

PART SECOND.

Quartet (In E minor, Op. 44) Mendelssohn.
Solo—Violin
Duet—Violin and violoncello (Guillaume Tell) ... Schubert and Kummer.

An accident to Mr. Charles Hallé's left hand disabled him from playing on the pianoforte; the consequence was, the concert became a Quartet—in lieu of a Chamber one. Messrs. Baetens and Carrodus, as tenor and second fiddle, being called in to aid the other principals, Messrs. Sainton and Piatti. The concert, notwithstanding, went off well. Beethoven and Mendelssohn's quartets were both given with finish and delicacy. M. Sainton is an admirable leader in a quartet, he plays so little for mere display. Signor Piatti's solo on the violoncello was encored, and repeated the last variation. M. Sainton was accompanied in his solo performance (*fantasia on La Figlia*) by a M. Hecht, on the pianoforte. The applause was enthusiastic. The *serenata* of Beethoven was well played—almost a novelty here, and a greater treat in consequence. The duet of Schubert and Kummer was a good contrast to the more important pieces. The weather was wintry, so the hall was not so full as usual.

On Saturday evening M. Jullien gave us one night, on his way to Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, etc. Again he had to put up with that vile place 'yclept a Philharmonic Hall—forthso—simply because it was the only place he could get in Manchester wherein he could pack an audience of two or three thousand persons! However, your own correspondent and many hundreds besides him wished to see and hear Madame Pleyel, so had to bear all the discomfort of the place as well as we could. The rush was fearful, and the arrangements as bad as could be. The holders of tickets at 3s. 6d. for reserved seats in the ring (the sawdust being covered) had to struggle for admission (highly respectable parties and ladies among the number) by the same door of entrance as the crowd for the 2s. seats! The place was crammed from orchestra to the roof on every side—the best seats, 5s., being as well filled as the 1s. ones; but the effect of all this crowd in a confined enclosure of wood and canvas (being a mere temporary building put up for a circus) was, that the very applause, when M. Jullien made his appearance on the platform, punctual to a minute, at eight o'clock, seemed muffled and deadened. How then could the music be heard to advantage? The programme contained most of Jullien's recent productions, as "The American Quadrille," "The Sleigh Polka," "The Allied Armies Quadrille," "Valse d'Adieu," "The Pantomime Quadrille," wound up by the "Vive l'Empereur Galop." Mingled with this were a few of his more classic selections; the concert, beginning with the *Leonora* overture, played admirably by the band. The *andante* from the American composer, Mr. Bristow's symphony in D minor, made us long to hear the entire work. Miss Dolby had not half a chance in

having to sing in such a *booth*—it is little better—no voice could make itself tell in such an ill-ventilated wooden building; she gave Mozart's "L'Addio" as well as it could be given under the circumstances; she was encored in "Minnie," when she sat down to accompany herself on the pianoforte in "Over the sea." Mad. Pleyel, after all, was the grand attraction; she was warmly welcomed on her appearance, and gave the *andante* and *rondo* from Mendelssohn's grand concerto in G minor in the most brilliant manner, fully proving that she merited all the eulogium the press have bestowed on her; she was unanimously encored at the end, when she gave variations on the "Tu vedrai" from *Il Pirata*, showing herself as complete a mistress of the romantic as of the classic school. On the whole, the audience were enchanted with Madame Pleyel, but I am certain the renowned pianist would be heard to greater advantage in a more suitable room, as indeed would M. Jullien's admirable band also.

The third concert of the Concerts for the People was given on Saturday evening last; but, owing to various attractions elsewhere, it was far from being supported as it deserved. The programme was well selected, and the general character of the performance creditable. Mr. Walker opened the concert with the overture to the *Caliph of Bagdad* upon the organ. Mrs. Brooke sang "O'er the lea," and "O bay of Dublin." Calcott's glee, "Queen of the valley," was rendered in a careful manner. Miss Shaw sang the new song of "Peace," and "Minnie," with taste and feeling. Mr. Delavanti was encored in Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer."

WORCESTER.—Madame Pleyel gave a concert on Saturday at the Music Hall, in conjunction with Miss Dolby, Miss Amy Dolby, and Mr. Hamilton. The weather could not have been more unfavourable, and the Hall was, consequently, but half full. The chosen few, however, who, despite of wind and frost and snow, did not stay away, were compensated for their boldness by the magnificent performance of Mad. Pleyel, and the sweet singing of the fair sisters Dolby.

SHEFFIELD.—The third concert of the Vocal Union for the present season was given at the Bath Saloon, on Thursday the 8th inst. The soloists were Masters Giles and Appleyard, of the choir of the Parish Church, Leeds. The concerted music was executed with precision. Mr. J. S. Booth, organist of Wortley Church, has resumed the conductorship, vice Mr. Monk, resigned.

WHITBY.—A concert has lately been given in this town by Mr. Mercer and the Whitby Philharmonic Society, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. The net proceeds amounted to £6, which has been paid over to the account of the Patriotic Fund.

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"That tower of Danish strength, the Ole Bull," says the *New York Musical World*, "who, when he takes you by the hand in friendly grip, reminds you that there are still live men in the world, has thrown his physical and artistic energy into a new enterprise. He has slid his broad shoulder under the New York Academy, and offers an inspiring inducement to the latent, or already developed, opera talent in this country. Our friends will read all about it in the advertisement. Now this is a fine thing. Rather humiliating to some American who did not do it; but still a bold and brave thing in Ole Bull; who, by the way, is an American after all—by naturalization. We think that in Bull, Maretzek and Strakosch, we have a combination of more positive, practical talent, and managerial experience, than in any other three men of the same stamp we have ever had in this country. Ole Bull and Strakosch have been uniformly successful in their concert-giving in the United States: at all events, where anybody could succeed, they have succeeded. At the time the lamented Madame Sontag, with her accompanying troupe, were on travel through the United States, Ole Bull and Strakosch went over the same route, and actually made more money, it is confidently believed, than the other enterprise. The truth is, our champagne friend Strakosch, is a shrewd business man, as well as clever artist: while Mr. Maretzek had more operative experience than any other manager in the country. The combination of three such men is a favourable augury for the future Academy, and if there is success to be attained in the enterprise, they will secure it."

[Here then is the secret of the Strakosch Expedition. We wish, as we said before, our "champagne friend" may see Sophie, Johanna, and Sims, and they the terms.—Ed.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having observed my name mentioned twice in your paper as one of the Directors of the Philharmonic Society, I shall feel obliged by your stating that I have not been in the direction for the last two seasons.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

32, Manchester-street,
Manchester-square.
JOHN BALSIR CHATTERTON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. NEATE begs to announce that he intends, in the course of next month, to publish an Essay on Piano-forte Fingering, chiefly as connected with expression. Price 10s. to subscribers (whose names must be addressed to the author, No. 2, Chapel-street, Portland Place), and 15s. to non-subscribers.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

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MESSRS. GRAY and DAVISON have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. W. T. Best will give a performance on the Grand Organ for Magdalen College Chapel, Oxford, on Saturday evening, the 24th February, in the Exhibition Room of their manufactory, New-road, Fitzroy-square, being the last occasion on which the instrument can be heard in London previous to its removal.

Programme.—Part I. (Organ Music).—Grand Offertoire (Op. 35), Lefebvre Wely (Organist of La Madeleine, Paris); Trio and Fuga (B minor), J. S. Bach; Variations on a Russian Church Melody, by Bortniansky, A. Freyer; Pedal Study (in octaves), W. T. Best. Part II. (Miscellaneous).—Aria, "Honour and arms," Handel; Marcia (Op. 24), F. Spindler; Gavotta, J. S. Bach; Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn. To commence at 8 o'clock.

Tickets may be had at the manufactory, and at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—Friday next, February 23, MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL will be performed on Wednesday evening, the 28th of February, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah. Principal vocalists, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Palmer; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Henry Buckland, and Mr. Thomas (his second appearance in London). Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s., may be had of the music-sellers, and at St. Martin's Hall. Commence at half-past seven.

MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT respectfully announces that, by general request, the first of his Annual Series of Performances of Classical Pianoforte Music will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday Evening, March 13 (instead of Tuesday, February 29). The second and third performances on Tuesday Evenings, April 3 and May 1. Subscription, One Guinea. Applications to Messrs. Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-st.

GRAND AMATEUR SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—An Amateur Soirée Musicale will be held at the Hanover-square Rooms early in March, for the relief of the sick and wounded at Scutari. The proceeds to be presented to Miss Nightringale. Tickets, 5s. each, or a family ticket to admit five, One Guinea. Further particulars will be duly announced. All letters and applications for tickets to be addressed on or before the 26th of February, 1855, to Miss Berington, 45, Gresham-street, Soho-square.

JUST Published, INKERMANN, or The SOLDIERS' VICTORY, Fantaisie, dedicated to General Sir George Brown, K.C.B., and the Officers of the Allied Armies. By the Composer of "Varna Valse." The profits arising from the sale of the latter are appropriated to the Patriotic Fund.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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Hon. Secretaries.

Club Room, Ardwick Green, February 9th 1855.

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